

## HANGED AND RIDDLED.

The Wichita Falls Bank Robbers Captured by Rangers, Taken from Jail and Hanged by a Mob—The Murder of Cashier Dorsey Terribly Avenged—Singular Precedent of the Fate Reserved by the State.

WICHITA FALLS, Tex., Feb. 27.—At 2:30 yesterday morning the robbers Foster Crawford and "The Kid," alias Younger Lewis, were captured by posse of rangers under command of Capt. W. J. McDonald, a thickset, 16 miles from Wichita Falls. When called upon to surrender they replied: "We will surrender under condition that you guarantee us protection against any mob violence on our being carried back to Wichita Falls."

Capt. McDonald's reply was: "Will there be a hole through you if you don't surrender. But we will endeavor to the best of my ability to protect you." About four o'clock the rangers reached Wichita Falls with the prisoners. When the city was reached it was found to be in a state of uproar. Many threats were made, the mob crying that "We will hang them." "Give them a taste of Tyler; that's what they deserve!" But they finally reached the jail and landed their prisoners in safety.

Shortly afterward a crowd of well-armed men gathered together and repaired to the jail, where they remained all night discussing the situation and swearing dire vengeance on the prisoners.

When daylight came the entire population of Wichita Falls had assembled in the vicinity of the jail, each man seeming to bring a weapon. Those who could not get in the jail were evidently had some species of firearm concealed on their person to judge from the appearance of their pockets.

At 8:30 J. A. Kemp, president of the robbed bank, and at least twenty men were admitted to the jail. Identification was instantaneous.

District Judge George E. Miller at this juncture appeared on the streets in a buggy and drove from group to group, pleading with them to do nothing rash and allow the law to take its course.

Suddenly the report was heard on all sides that the rangers were going to slip him off to Fort Worth. In the twinkling of an eye hundreds of Winchester appeared on the scene and the mob at once made an assault on the jail. After some moments they succeeded in securing an entrance and, taking the prisoners from the jail, they proceeded with them to the northwest corner, where Dorsey was killed, and where a pile of inflammable material was ready. Two telegraph poles were selected and two ropes thrown over them, in the ends of which loops had been placed, which were placed around the necks of the men and the word given to pull. In an instant the two men were swinging between earth and sky.

The loud cries "Riddle them" were the signal for the firing to commence. The bodies were riddled with bullets, and left swinging in the air.

There are peculiar things connected with this robbery. Several days ago Dorsey, cashier of the robbed bank, received information that a plan was on foot to rob the bank and informed President Kemp of the same.

"If the bank is robbed I will be killed, and I know it," he said. President Kemp laughed at him, but at his urgent request, guards were stationed for some time over the bank, but after some little time they were withdrawn.

## THE LAW'S DELAYS

An Administrator Responsible for Another Tragic Event.

DANVILLE, Ky., Feb. 27.—John Murphy shot and fatally wounded Frank Ellis at Stanford yesterday afternoon, while Ellis was being taken from the jail to the courthouse to be tried for the murder of his brother, Henry Murphy. Murphy met Ellis at the jail, within a few feet of the courthouse door and shot at short range, the ball entering Ellis' breast. Ellis grasped the pistol and struggled with Murphy until the jailer and a bystander overpowered him.

Ellis was arraigned at Junction City. This county last May and killed Henry Murphy while he was said to have been resisting arrest. He was indicted in the Boyle court, but granted a change of venue to Lincoln and a prospective continuance of the case to July probably caused the brother of the dead man. Ellis will enter a large fine. There is also an indictment pending against him in the Boyle court for killing the noted "Cage" Rowsey.

John Murphy is a freight brakeman on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, and a nephew of the well-known passenger conductor, Ben McGraw. Murphy was hurried to jail, and will doubtless be tried during the present term of court.

## SAMUEL EDISON.

Father of the Great Inventor. Dies at a ripe Old Age.

NEWARK, O., Feb. 27.—Samuel Edison, father of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, died here yesterday, aged 93 years.

Samuel Edison was born in Nova Scotia, August 11, 1804, and has lived at Milan, O., and Port Huron, Mich., the greater part of his life. It was at Milan that his son, Thomas, was born. Mr. Edison attended here for a visit with his niece, Mrs. W. A. Poyer, while en route to Port Myers, Fla., the winter home of his son.

## VIOLATION OF NEUTRALITY.

Two More Alleged Filibusters Arrested.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Bernard J. Brien was arrested yesterday in connection with recent filibustering affairs, and United States deputy marshals are looking for other members of the Cuban revolutionary party. The warrant charging violation of the neutrality laws.

The Evening Sun says it is the general opinion among federal officers that there is little if any chance of securing a conviction of the five men arrested Tuesday.

## THE BLUE AND GRAY PARADE

To Have Been Held in New York July 4. Will not Take Place.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—An evening paper says: The proposed "Blue and Gray" parade which was to take place in this city on July 4 next, in which the Union and confederate veterans were to take part and which has been so widely discussed by the press and otherwise in all parts of the country, will not be held. There has been a difference of opinion regarding the advisability of such a parade since it was proposed.

## GEN. JO. SHELBY

Commanding the Missouri Division United Confederate Veterans. Believes the Confederate Gray and the Stars and Bars Have No Place in a Public Parade—There's Only One Country and One Flag Now.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 27.—Jo O. Shelby, major-general commanding the Missouri division of the United Confederate Veterans, makes public the following reply to an inquiry for his views on the recent action of Commander-in-Chief Walker of the G. A. R. in declining to endorse the proposed plan to have the veterans of both armies, in uniform, march in the Fourth of July parade in New York city:

"When Gen. Lee funded the flag and stacked arms at Appomattox, then and there the colors and uniform of the confederacy were buried for all time. The ideal of brave men lay shattered as the Stars and Stripes again floated in its old-time place. Heroes wept at the burial, but raised their faces to salute the flag of an unfixed and indelible country. And we who still stand this side of the weary door of death, enjoying the freedom and protection vouchsafed to the common country, are in no wise to realize that there is but one flag and one uniform, one symbol and one army for our common country. Citizenship is broader than sentiment and duty greater than tender recollections. But, above all, true Americanism is chief of this trinity of virtues. And so the ex-soldier, whether of the north or of the south, should maintain that spirit of duty, citizenship and Americanism which will banish sectionalism, bitterness and prejudice and tie us together with a fourfold bond of respect, esteem, affection and patriotism."

"Believing, therefore, as I do, that in the parade as proposed in New York on July 4 next of the Grand Army of the Republic in national uniform, the confederates in gray uniform with the stars and bars, would be incongruous and mar the harmony of the occasion, I most cordially commend the action of Gen. Walker, commander-in-chief, in the course he has taken. Our griefs are private; the sunny sentiment and duty greater than tender recollections of our duty nor patriotism to oblige ourselves or private friends into the marching columns of the grand army."

—JO O. SHELBY, Major-General Commanding Division of Missouri, United Confederate Veterans.

## THE WARSHIP ALERT

To Go to Corinto as Soon as the Reaches Acapulco and Gets Orders.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—The state department has received a dispatch from Mr. Baker, United States minister at Managua, Nicaragua, requesting that a war vessel be sent to Corinto to protect American interests. The state department has sent the request to the navy department. Unfortunately for quick compliance with the minister's desire the United States warship Alert, the nearest available vessel for this service, left San Jose for Acapulco, Friday, and can not be reached until the 1st of March, an outbreak of revolution in Nicaragua was made public in United Press dispatches 24 hours before Mr. Baker's message was received.

Orders have been sent to Acapulco, Mex., directing the commander of the Alert to proceed to Corinto without delay.

## A PENETRATOR.

A Six-Inch Shell that Went Through Everything in Sight.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—A remarkable result attended a test of armor-piercing shells at the Indian Head proving grounds Tuesday. Two of the three shells fulfilled the requirements of the test, the other completely penetrated the target, going straight through the heavy backing and entering a dirt bank for the distance of 14 feet. The shell that proved so successful is that of the Johnson company, of Pennsylvania, and what made its accomplishment more surprising was the fact that its cap or point was composed of soft steel, while the shell itself was of cast-iron. It over-turned existing theories. The target was a Harveized armor plate, seven inches thick, and the shell was of six inches caliber.

## JOHN WANAMAKER

Found Guilty of Violating the Contract Labor Law.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—A Herald special from Philadelphia says: The suit of the United States against former Postmaster-General Wanamaker to recover a penalty of \$1,000 for violation of the contract labor law, ended in a verdict for the government. Edward J. Brooks testified that he resided in London until August, 1893, when he saw an advertisement in a London journal for salesmen in America. He called at a hotel in London and met Mr. Cassell, superintendent of the silk department in Mr. Wanamaker's Philadelphia store. Brooks said he agreed with Cassell to work for \$14 a week, and was provided with a ticket for America. Cassell met him here and gave him employment in Wanamaker's.

## THE WAR CRY

Publishes a Statement From Bramwell Booth on "The American Sorrow."

LONDON, Feb. 27.—The War Cry, the official journal of the Salvation Army, publishes a statement by Bramwell Booth, chief of staff in London, under the caption "The American Sorrow." The statement includes the letters leading up to the resignation of Ballington Booth, commander of the Salvation army in the United States, and concludes as follows: "The resignation of Ballington Booth is deeply deplored, but the general has only given fresh proof of his conscientious and resolute determination to administer the affairs of the Salvation army without regard to family or personal preferences."

## FOR A LOST WIFE

A Chicago Attorney Offers a Reward of One Thousand Dollars.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—Arthur B. Cody yesterday offered a reward of \$1,000 to anyone finding and restoring to him alive his wife, Grace Goodrich Cody, before May 1 next. Mrs. Cody disappeared from her mother's home in Tacoma, Wash., a month ago, while suffering from mental aberration, and has not been seen or heard of since. A suitable reward is also offered to any person finding Mrs. Cody's body or furnishing valuable information.

## AN INVALID LADY

Fatally Burned in Her Room by an Overturned Kerosene Lamp.

MR. HOLLY, N. J., Feb. 27.—Fire was discovered in one of the upper rooms of Dr. P. H. Parkinson's residence in West Washington street Tuesday night, when the fireman managed to effect an entrance into the house they found Dr. Parkinson's wife, who was an invalid, enveloped in flames. When the fire was extinguished Mrs. Parkinson was found to be fatally burned. An overturned kerosene oil lamp was the cause.

## THE TOOTH OF SIVA.

BY GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.

"I reckon this trip is a downright failure," exclaimed Louis Henley, irritably, as he sat with his friend, Dr. Worrall, in their tent one night, after a ten hours' stalk in the desolate region at the foot of the Himalayas. "I vote we give it up as a bad job and make tracks homeward."

"We've been unlucky, that's all," returned Dr. Worrall. "There are yaks about, for we came across their 'spoor' today up the lake. Halloo, Louis, what's that thing?"

Louis had pulled out his chronometer as he was speaking, and the doctor's eye chanced to catch the gleam that dangled from the chain.

"This," replied Louis, nonchalantly. "Oh, it's a little present I had from Pollard before he left Calcutta. Neither of us could wear very ornamental, but I keep it in memory of him."

The object which Dr. Worrall now scrutinized with some degree of curiosity was a conical-shaped piece of green jade, about an inch in length; from the base of it projected a short strip of tarnished metal, and through this metal a hole had been bored. Dr. Worrall looked long and carefully at the article.

"Where did Pollard get it?" he asked, a grave look on his face. "Well, he came across it in this very neighborhood, I believe. Perhaps, I ought to say—putting the fact into plain English—he stole it."

"How did he become possessed of it?"

"Oh, by some means or other he secretly obtained access to a Brahmin temple, in which an elaborately jeweled image of Siva was enshrined. The jade teeth of the idol were fixed into their sockets with golden screws, and Pollard, desirous of having a memento of his hazardous enterprise, broke one of the teeth off, and carried it away with him. It was the act of an iconoclast, a vandal, but—"

"You don't mean to tell me," cried Dr. Worrall, excitedly, "that this is the notorious Bharatra tooth?"

"Now you mention it, I recollect that was the name of the temple—the Bharatra temple. But why notorious?"

"It appears that the Bhootees have a special regard for these teeth, certain scores or inscriptions upon them being attributed to Brahma's own hand. It was the double triangle cut into the face of this piece of jade that caused me to question you respecting it. A description of the missing tooth was circulated throughout the district, the rajah of Warran offering a substantial reward for its recovery. If you value your comfort and safety, Louis, I would advise you to get rid of the stone at the earliest opportunity. Many a fanatic would not count the cost if he could only obtain possession of the tooth, and many who are not fanatics would have little scruple about killing you for the sake of the reward."

"I had no idea I was carrying such a dangerous article about with me," rejoined Louis, with a laugh. "Here it goes back into my pocket."

"Hark!" interposed the doctor, suddenly sitting up stiffly. "What was that?"

He rose to his feet, strode past the tent pole, and lifted the flap of the tent. For a minute he looked keenly out into the night, listening.

"I must have been mistaken," he said, returning. "I thought I heard stealthy footsteps in the grass. But there's no body about."

"The wind among the leaves, that was all," opined Louis, with a yawn. "I say, Worrall, I think I'll turn in. I'm dead beat."

The doctor followed his companion's example, and within half an hour the tent was deep in slumber. How long Louis had slept he knew not before he awoke with a shiver, the cold night air beating full upon his face. And he wondered—for there, not a yard from his head, the tent cloth was dangling loose. While he was dreamily debating the means by which the canvas could be refastened with the least amount of exertion to himself, he saw a hand thrust into the opening. Louis gazed fixedly. The cloth was cautiously raised, and now the moon's rays disclosed upon a foreman which protruded into the tent, swept gently from side to side, in an ever widening semi-circle.

Louis rolled over noiselessly and clutched the groping limb with both hands. The tug of war was violent, but brief, for Louis' fingers slipped down his adversary's wrist, and the body of the intruder vanished into the night. The vigor he had used, thus unexpectedly released, shot him backward upon Dr. Worrall, who, alarmed at his friend's halloo, had risen into a sitting posture. Before they could "sort themselves out" the would-be pilferer—for there could be no doubt the intruder was for some reason—had utterly vanished into the space. Nor, although they at once roused the inmates of the camp—their Hindu bearers, porters and attendants—could the slightest trace of the marauder be discovered.

"These Indian tent thieves are slippery customers," remarked Dr. Worrall. "Literally, I mean. They sneaking their bodies with oil and grease, and then go about their nefarious business naked. We must keep a better watch in the future. But I don't think they'll trouble us again—at least not tonight."

Next morning, while the hunters were imbibing their early breakfast, their guide, a Bhootee shikari, Chuta Sen, came running breathlessly into camp. He had already been to the top of an adjoining hill, from whence he had seen a herd of yaks grazing in the valley beyond. Swallowing a hasty meal, the Englishmen shouldered their weapons and set off to the spot. There, far below the level of the camp, a dozen or so of the wild oxen, mere brown dots on the plain, browsing placidly upon the sparse herbage. It became necessary to exercise the utmost caution in approaching the herd, and a course was accordingly shaped round a hummock of the hill to leeward, this detour bringing the hunters within gunshot.

Singling out their animal, Dr. Worrall and Louis fired together. The alarmed yak broke up in disorder, most of them stampeding up the valley, while three only—and one of these evidently wounded badly—burst away in the opposite direction. Dr. Worrall

followed by the two Hindu servants, rushed pell-mell over the bowlders in the hope of heading the larger herd at the neck of the hollow, and so of getting another shot at them. Louis, on the other hand, elected to pursue the bull he had wounded, which, from its labored flight, he saw, must soon drop of exhaustion. Handing his gun to Chuta Sen, and ordering that worthy to keep close at his heels, he broke out into a run eastward.

"Look, sahib!" cried the shikari, pointing. "Yaks make up the nallah. We cut off corner this way."

The terrified brute had, indeed, veered from their original track, and were now plunging first into the mountains to the north. Following his companion's lead, Louis bounded up the rugged slope, from which a narrow shelf of bare rock presently branched off round the crown of the precipitous gorge.

"Is this our path?" exclaimed Louis, hesitating.

"Yes, sahib," returned Chuta Sen, who, hampered with the gun, had once more taken up the rear. "Yaks soon pass below. Haste, sahib, haste!"

Louis needed no urging. Down the steep he went—recklessly enough, considering that but six feet of stony ledge separated him from the brink of a gulf 300 feet sheer—over bowlders and tussocks of coarse growth, where a slip of the foot would have been fatal. Down, down—now leaping, now scrambling on all fours—for fully five minutes. Then he stopped dead, with blanched face. Before him and to his right yawned cavernous depths; on his left hand was the perpendicular face of the mountain. The cliff path had ended.

"What do you mean by choosing this route?" cried Louis, angrily. "We can't get any farther. Let us go back, or we shall miss the—"

As he spoke he turned wrathfully upon the shikari. The words choked in his throat. Half a dozen paces behind him stood Chuta Sen—half smiling, half scornful, wholly self-possessed—the loaded gun held at the "present."

"Feringhee," he said, a metallic ring in his voice, "I want the tooth—the sacred tooth of Siva!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Louis, flinching before the black muzzle. "That's it, is it? So it was you who were prying about the tent last night; perhaps it was you who attempted to rob us while we were asleep."

"The tooth!" repeated Chuta Sen. "Give me that and you go safe. If not, then I shoot and take it."

"It will be bad for you if you do," said Louis, assuming the air of confidence he little felt. "The noise of the shot will bring my friends upon you, and your life will be forfeit."

"Before they reach here," interrupted the shikari, quickly, "I shall be away—away. I tell the whole story, and then they, not I, have to run."

The bantering tones in which Chuta Sen spoke told Louis that he had not to deal with a religious zealot—indeed, the mere fact of the man's refraining from killing him without scruple made that point sufficiently certain. No, clearly the shikari had in his mind the reward offered by the rajah to the restorer of the purloined tooth. This knowledge inspired Louis with some degree of hope. It would be idle to expect aid from Dr. Worrall, who at that moment was probably miles away; and Louis did not relish yielding up his possessions without even the shadow of a struggle. Only one course remained—he must temporize with the fellow, and if possible outwit him.

"Look here," he said, pulling the wedge of green jade from his pocket. "The thing's of no value to me. You shall have it if you give up the reward."

"No, no," replied Chuta Sen, savorily. "Throw it to my feet, so I can pick it up. The sahib must not move till I reach the top of the rocks, or I fire. There I cast the gun over the edge, and then the sahib may catch me—if he can."

"Very well," said Louis, biting his lip. "I do as you say."

The piece of jade dropped a couple of feet in front of the wily hillman. As he crooked his back in order to seize it, the gun in his right hand was necessarily depressed for an instant, and in that instant Louis had flung himself upon the bent figure. The weapon fell with a clatter to the earth, and the two men grappled in fierce conflict.

To and fro they swayed in mad strivings, now on the verge of the dizzy height, and anon close pressed against the adamant face of the beetling crags. Suddenly the lithe shikari shook himself free. With a snarl of hatred, the light of murder in his eyes, he rushed afresh upon Louis with outstretched hands, the other ready to strike deadly.

Chuta Sen, unable to check his own impetus, was launched over the edge of the narrow platform into space. There came the hiss of the falling body—a long-drawn wail—a sickening thud—and silence.

Taking up his gun, his face pallid, his eyes wide with horror, Louis fired into the space above his fallen foe. He slipped in another cartridge and fired again. Soon he heard Dr. Worrall's cries, and presently that gentleman, with his attendants, appeared upon the spot. Louis related what had occurred.

"I was afraid of something of this sort," said the doctor, picking up the jade tooth, which still lay where it had been flung. "Have you any further desire to retain this thing?"

"I never wish to set eyes on it again," returned Louis, firmly. "I've had quite enough of it."

"Then here it goes," and with that Dr. Worrall cast the "sacred tooth" splash into the foaming torrent at their base. "Now, we'll look for Chuta Sen's body and carry it up to the nearest village. He stumbled over the cliff, that is all. You understand? At the same time, Louis, in case ugly rumors should arise, I think it would be well to terminate our hunting expedition at once."

—And that is precisely what was done—Leslie's Pleasant Hours.

—The eyeball rests in a cushion of fat by which it is surrounded on every side. When the system becomes greatly emaciated through disease this fat is absorbed and the eye sinks further into the head, thus giving the sunken appearance so common in disease.

—Raleigh, N. C., enjoys the reputation of being one of the prettiest cities in the United States.

## CHINESE PORCELAIN.

No Easy Matter to Judge of Its Value.

While Chinese porcelain is greatly admired, only a connoisseur or a dealer of long experience can safely pass upon the age or merits of much of which is brought to our shores. Witness the varying estimates placed upon the famous peacock vase, which rumor declares to have brought \$15,000 at the Morgan sale. Though this rumor has never been verified, there is no doubt that the possession of it was greatly coveted by a large number of lovers of ceramics.

Year by year increases the difficulty of obtaining genuine specimens of old porcelain. While the dislike and suspicion formerly cherished by foreigners are somewhat relaxed, yet antiquaries are growing more rare and are most jealously guarded. Formerly all sorts of stories were circulated regarding Chinese porcelain, stories which originated and were fostered among the Chinese themselves. Their smaller objects were sensitive to the last degree; the materials of which they were composed were buried underground for centuries before they could be used even for the falsehoods on the part of the canny Chinese were calculated to give exaggerated importance to their wares.

It is less than five centuries since the Portuguese first introduced china-ware into Europe; yet, since that time a vast amount of experimentation has gone on in order that the manufacturers might equal the beauty of its fine, translucent paste. That in good measure they have succeeded is evidenced by the ware now made in Seville and Dresden, not to mention the Lambeth works, and even our own Trenton porcelain. Much of the latter is sold under the name of the imported ware and at much higher prices than could be obtained otherwise, so much more highly is it regarded which bears the foreign stamp.

The best masters of the difficult subject of classification of Chinese porcelain divide it into four great groups. The first, or archaic, embraces the white, blue, violet and green celadon. In this first stage of fine porcelain the colors, mixed with the glaze, are fixed in the first firing. The second class is termed by French authorities the chrysanthemum-peony, so styled from the conventionalized flowers upon the surface of the china. In this family are found many of the large jars so much in evidence among dealers in this class of falience. All colors and shades of color were used in this class. The third variety is termed famille verte, in which the decorations are of a religious or historical character. These ornamentations were upon vases, bowls, etc., used in temples or in various pious rites. Green, yellow and ivory white are found upon these specimens.

Famille rose, the fourth and last variety, embraced those exquisite pieces of art that were for the sole use of the imperial family. These, while perfect in form and coloring, include a great variety of shapes. Among other devices, the dragon in decoration was a favorite, that upon pieces for the use of the emperor always having five claws, while those next in rank were designated by one claw less.

Differing dynasties of the Chinese empire are known by the coloring of their porcelain. Thus, the Tsin dynasty monopolized the use of certain blue, the Soui of green, the Shang of white. Next to the pure egg-shell white, the finest and oldest of all, comes the most highly prized, the antique porcelain, the Tchai, which is of a beautiful sky-blue color. Only slightly less valued is the crackled blue, and then a green and white.

However minute written descriptions may be, there is no possibility of becoming expert in judging antiquity and value save by long experience. Persons in other respects cultured and delicate in taste may be totally ignorant concerning the preciousness of some old piece of Chinese ware. Much depends on the dynasty in which it was manufactured and much upon the few specimens of that period that are extant. A few such, known to connoisseurs, are worth almost their weight in gold. As they pass from hand to hand they are marked almost as much as a fine picture by Raphael or Titian.—N. Y. Home Journal.

## TOMMY ATKINS' CURL.

Cut Off by a New Military Order—Hair as a Sign of Soldierly Valor.

One of the latest of the many new regulations that have been imposed upon the British army since Lord Wolseley was placed in command of it, is that the cherished curl that has for the past quarter century peeped out from under "Tommy Atkins' forage cap" shall go. This is an order that strikes directly to the heart of the private soldier, for the curl, on the whole, has long been his most valued possession and his great point of distinctiveness. The new rule is not regarded with favor by the nursery maids, for their admirers will now possess a more notorious form of military brow when they are better without the curls. The curls have been varied, often really artistic, and one and all smooth, shiny and well oiled.

In the late 17th and early 18th centuries the soldiers went into battle with a flowing wig, though it occasionally happened that in the heat of a charge he would throw it off and plunge at the enemy with greater ardor. Marlborough broke the power of Louis XIV. in a victorious peruke, and wigs and powder were the invariable accompaniments of the continental soldiery of that era.

It was not until the peninsular war that the crop-haired, clean-shaven soldier came into style. This vague originated in England and the soldiers who adopted it swept Napoleon's marshals from the peninsula and crushed that world-conqueror himself at Waterloo. The rule of no hard and straggling curl prevailed in the British army until the Crimean war, when it was relaxed in order that the soldiers might better withstand the rigors of the Russian winter. Since then the English war officer has allowed "Tommy Atkins" to wear his hair more comfortably long, the maximum length now being half an inch at the back and sides of his head.—London News.

## Suspicious

Brown (of the firm of Brown & Jones).—Why did you countermand your order for those fountain pens?

Jones.—The agent took down my order with a lead pencil.—Fack.

## COURTING A QUAKER MAID.

The Agreement Entered Into by Two Ancestors of Maryland Brothers.

The later "assemblies" of Annapolis, Marlborough, and Chestertown were hardly more "in vogue" than the yearly meetings of the Eastern Shoe Quakers. Their curious quaintness, and the picturesque contrast they presented to the radiant attire and libertine manners of the world's people, who ministered and coqueted in minor houses and caroused and ruffled in cockpits and bowling courts, drew Romanists and "English Catholics" to the doors of their sober conventicle, and filled its leafy approaches with profane charlatans and chairs, and prancing steeplechasers and sidesaddled palfreys. So it happened that to the yearly meeting held at Third Haven, near Talbot Court-house, in the year 1700, there came by opposite ways, through groups of booths erected by the graceless and irreverent for the sale of trumpery and tuppence, a Quaker maiden mounted on a pillion behind her father, and two plumed and rapiers cavaliers gallily curvetting. The wimpled maid, whose overcoming charms still bloom in tradition, was Sarah Covington, of Somerset, and the prancing cavaliers were the brothers Edward and Philemon Lloyd, sons of Mm. Henrietta Maria aforesaid. Immediately the pretty lady, with a sudden equal passion, loved the wimpled maid, and yearned for her; and each conceived a cunning purpose, proper to the country and the time, and shrewdly held his peace.

When the meeting was over, the brothers, each taking his cunning scheme in hand, mounted and galloped away, taking different ways; and they rode hard, laughing as they rode, for joy of their boyish artifice. After lingering for awhile in places remote from the highway, where there was no fear of discovery by any chance acquaintance, and so that the slower Quaker folk might have time to regain their homes, they rode on into Somerset—and met at their charmer's gate. First they swore, then they blushed, and then they laughed loud and long. Phil said: "Let her be for whichever you like, I did her first." And Ned, the elder, and the heir, assented. Then said Phil: "No sooner had I taken my place in the meeting than I beheld the girl, and loved her." And Ned said: "I passed the night before the meeting at the 'Peach-Blossom' farm; and at the foot of the hill, turning into the gate at the water mill, I saw this girl on a pillion behind her father, and they inquired the way to the meeting house; and I loved her." Then Phil rode back to Talbot, and Ned dismounted at the gate, and led his horse to the porch. Thus in 1703 Sarah Covington became the wife of the heir, and mistress of Wye house. She it was who in 1733 built with English brick the house of "Madam Anne," Queen Anne's county, that typical colonial mansion, still in excellent preservation, and showing an imposing pile fitted with materials brought over from England, where the noble hall and the broad stairway of the period confer a characteristic distinction.—John Williamson Palmer, in Century.

## KEEPING CHILDREN AT HOME.

They Should Be Given a Room for Their Own Use.

There are few investments that parents can make which will pay so large profits as amusements that will keep their sons and daughters at home of evenings.

At almost any sacrifice of comfort it is worth while to get apart a portion of the house that the children may call their own. In this each one may have a cupboard or closet where his or her belongings in the way of books, toys and trinkets may be kept undisturbed by other hands. Of course, if each child can have his or her own room, so much the better. Indeed, it is becoming an unwritten law that separate beds are necessary for children, and separate rooms, if the situation of the family will permit it. It costs but little in building a house to provide an extra room; if this cannot be afforded, there is almost always an attic that could be made tolerable as a play-room at a small expense.

In one family where there are many children, the dining-room, which is the largest apartment in the house, has been, by a sort of general consent, turned over to the little ones every evening after the last meal of the day. They may spread their toys and books on the table, turn somersaults over